ANOTHER YEAR.

BY RUGENE J. HALL.

Another year has gune, to come no more: Its scenes of joy and hours of grief are done. Tis gone where other years have gone before, Where all must end that ever was begun; Where gunt and gray oblivion loves to dwell, And infast time first lisped the hours "farewe

Below the fleecy folds of drifting snow, Like beauty laid at rest, the verdure lies; Bennant be ice, the silout rivers flow, The rippling rills are hidden from our eyes, White time glides by as swiftly as the wind, And only leaves his memories behind.

The blooming roses and the new mown hay Performed the breezes of the Summer air; Theo Automo came, and with her flying gold. The simple story of a year was told.

Parewell, Old Year; for thou art gone at last, And time has borne thee on his hoary wings. Into the silent ages of the past; And now, another year he proudly brings. Thy funeral dirge is chanted by the breeze, Th rough the bare branches of the leafness trees.

The New Year comes with many frowning fears, Yet, with a thousand promises of joy; The sombre shades of the matter years. Our youthful fancies and fair dreams destroy—Yet, heavenly Hops hooks down, with angel eyes, From gleaming, golden gates of Paradise.

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## Choice Loetry.

THE BLOODY SHIRT.

BY JOHN HOPLY.

Sarrounded, surprised and shot,
Asleep on his lowly bed,
At midnight, down in the cypress swamp,
The wounded freedman fied;
Fled, fled, fled,
In terror of mortal burt,
While the skies from his burning home were red;
Fled in his bloody shirt.

While the curling flames licked e'er His quivering wife and children, dead On his humble cable floor.

Driven by goading pain,
Forth in the favoring night,
Without a thought in his fevered brain,
Ills only impulse flight.
Wounded, wild, amazed,
Pauting, by fear impelled,
With eyes affame, with terror crazed, ne flight is held.

On, on, en, Though exhausted he fall; On, on, on, Until he can only crawl; For lo! with coming light

In the time of the direct need In the time of the direct need,
Prompt at his country's cry.
The hunted freedman has fought and bled,
That the nation should not die.
And now, as a rich raward,
The rebesh he fought, to der
Unchecked, the faithful freedman hunt,
Like a ravening beast of prey.

O, men who proudly boast
Of this as the land of the free.
A haven of rest for the poor and oppressed,
How lovely so e'er they may be;
Binsh at this caricature,
Of freedom for the strong,
While the helplosa weak in vain may seek
Redress from hideous wrong.

And the nation he bled to save And the nation he bled to save,
In the name of freedom, sees
Throughout the South assassin bands
Euseting scenes like these.
O. Freedom, must it be
Recorded to our shame.
That, day after day, these bloody crimes
Are done in thy fair name?

O, the farce of civil rights,

Kencted but not possessed;
And the deep diagrace of a faithful race,
So brutally oppressed!
What folly in being free,
When it leads to death at last,
Through the treacherous boou of the ballot given,
That it costs a life to cast.

Shame, shame, shame,
To the people so proud and strong;
Shame, shame, shame,
To permit such crimes so long;
Shot-gun, and bullet, and blade,
Blade, and bullet, and shafe,
And order and law not worth a straw
To protect a freedman's life.

Then wave, wave, wave, The bloody shirt on high; Wave, wave, wave, Till the nation heeds the cry ;

## Select Story.

## DEAF SMITH, THE SPY.

A Leaf from the Annals of the "Lone Star" Republic.

About two years after the Texas Revolution, ened the most serious consequences—even the bloodshed and horrors of civil war. Briefly, the cause was this: The constitution had fixed the city of Austin as the permanent Capital, where the public archives were to be kept, with the reservation, however, of a power in the President to order their temporary removal, in case of dan-ger from the intoads of a foreign enemy, or the force of a sudden insurpression.

orce of a sudden insurrection. Conceiving that the exceptional emergency bad arrived, as the Comsuches frequently com-mitted ravages within sight of the Capital itself, Houston, who then resided at Washington, on the Brazos, dispatched an order, commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the State records to the latter place, which he de-ciared to be, pro tempore, the seat of the govern-

It is impossible to describe the stormy excitement which the promulgation of this flat raised in Austin. The keepers of hotels, boarding hous-es, groceries and fare banks, were thunderstruckned to frenzy, for the measure would be maddened to frenzy, for the measure would be a death-blow to their prosperity in business, and accordingly, they determined at once to take the necessary steps to avert the danger, by opposing the execution of Houston's mandate. They called a mass-meeting of the cifizens and farmers of the circumjacent country, who were all more or less interested in the question; and, they work for mandate required the asserted after many fiery speeches against the asserted tyranny of the administration, it was unani tyranny of the administration, it was unant-mously resolved to prevent the removal of the public archives, by open and armed resistance. To that end, they organized a company of four hundred men; one moiety of whom, relieved by the other at regular periods of duty, should keep constant guard around the house, until the

peril passed by.

The commander of this force was one Col. Morton, who had achieved considerable renown in the war for independence, and had still more recently displayed desperate bravery in two bloody duels, in both of which he had cut his antagonist nearly to pieces with the bowie-knife. Indeed, from the notoriety of his character for revenge as well as courage, it was thought that President Houston would renounce his purpose of touching the archives, as soon as thought that President Houston would renomice his purpose of touching the archives, as soon as he could learn who was leader of the opposition. Morton, on his part, whose vanity fully equalled his personal prowess, encouraged and justified that prevailing opinion by his boastful threats. He swore that if the President did succeed in removing the records by the march of an overpowering force, he would then, himself, hunt him down like a wolf, and shoot him with as little ceremony, or stab him in his bed, or waylay him in his walks of recreation. He even wrote to the hero of San Jacinto to that reflect. The latter replied in a characteristic

effect. The latter replied in a characteristic

"If the people of Anstin do not send the archives, I shall come and take them; and if Col. Morton can kill me, he is welcome to my ear cap.

SAN. HOUSTON. On the reception of this answer, the gnard

On the reception of this answer, the guard was doubled around the State House. Chosen sentinels were stationed along the road leading to the Capitol, the military paraded the streets from chorning till night, and a select caucus held permanent sessions in the City Hall. In short, everything betokened a coming tempest. One day, while matters were in this precarious condition the cancus at the city hall was ons condition, the caucus at the city hall was surprised by the sudden appearance of a stran-ger, whose mode of entering was as extraordina-ry as his looks and dross. He did not knock at ry as his looks and dress. He did not knock at the closed door—he did not seek admission there at all; but climbing, unseen, a small, busby-topped live oak which grew beside the wall, he leaped, without sound or warning, through a lofty window. He was clothed altogether in buckskin, carried a long, heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the bottom of his left suspender a large bowis-knife, and had in his leathern belt a couple of pistols half the length of his gun. He was tall, straight as an arrow, active as a pan ther in his motions, with dark complexion, and luxuriant hair, with a severe iron-like countenance, that seemed never to have known a nance, that seemed never to have known a smile, and eyes of intense, vivid black-wild, rolling and eyes of intense, vivid black—wild, rolling and piercing, as the point of a dagger. His strange advent inspired a thrill of involuntary fear, and many present unconsciously grasped the handles of their side arms.

"Who are you, that you thus presume to indemanded Col. Morton, ferociously, essaying to cow down the stranger with his eye.

The latter returned his stare with compound interest, and laid his long bony finger on his lip, as a sign—but what, the spectators could

"Who are you? Speak, or I'll cut an answer out of your heart?" shouted Morton, almost distracted with rage, by the cold, ancering gaze of the other, who now removed his finger from his lip, and laid it on the hilt of his monstrons traits.

The fiery Colonel then drew his dagger, and was in the set of advancing upon the stranger, when several caught him and held him back, re-

"Let him alone, Morton, for God's sake! Do you not perceive that he is crazy!"

At that moment, Judge Webb, a man of shrewd intellect and courteous manners, advanced, and addressed the intruder in a most respectful manner:

ful manner:

"My good friend, I suppose you have made a mistake in the house. This is a private meeting, where none but members are admitted."

The stranger did not appear to comprehend the words, but he could not fail to understand the mild and deprecatory manner. His rigid features relaxed, and moving to a table in the centre of the hall, where there were materials and implements for writing, he seized a pen, and traced one line—"I am deaf." He then held it up before the spectators, as a sort of natural apology for his own want of politeness.

Judge Webb took the paper, and wrote the question—

question—
"Dear sir, will you be so obliging as to inform

us what is your business with the present meet-The other responded by delivering a letter, inscribed on the back, "To the Citizens of Austin." They broke the scal, and read aloud. It was from Honston, and showed his usual terse brevity of style:

"FRILOW-CITIZENS:—Though in error, and deceived by the arts of traitors. I will give you three more days to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time, you will please let me know your decision.

After reading, the deaf man waited a few-sec After reading, the deaf man waited a few-seconds, as if for a reply, and then turned, and was about to leave the hall, when Col. Morton interposed, and sternly beckoned him back to the table. The stranger obeyed, and Morton wrote: "You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening looks, ten minutes ago; are you brave enough now to give me satisfaction!"

The stranger penned his reply—"I am at your service."

ervice."
The Major wrote—"Name your second." The stranger rejoined—"I am teo generous to seek an advantage, and too brave to fear any on the part of others; therefore, I need no sec-

Morton then penned—"What are your terms!"
The stranger traced, without a moment's hesitation—"Time, sunset this evening—place, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin—weapons, rifles—distance, a hundred yards. Do not fail to be on time."

mot fail to be on time."

He then took three steps across the floor, and disappeased through the window, as he had entered.

"What!" exclaimed Webb; "is it possible that you intend to fight that man! He is a mute, if not an absolute maniac. I fear it will tarnish the lustre of your laurels."

"You are mistaken," replied Morton, with a smile; "that mute is a hero whose fame stands in the records of a dozen battles, and at least half as many bloody duels. Besides, he is the favorite emissary and friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it will tempt the President to retract his yow against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know the man, then. Who is he! What is his name!" asked twenty voices together.

mere fiction, got up by Houston, to save the life of his favorite from the sworn vengeance of certain Texans, on whose conduct he had acted as a spy. I fathomed the artifice, twelve months since."

"If what you say be true, you are a maduran yourself!" exclaimed Webb. "Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has often brought down ravens in their most rapid flight, and killed Comanches and Mexicans at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards!"

"Say no more," answered Morton, in tones of "Say no more," answered Morton, in tones of the prospects of my future worldly happiness in the still enjoyments of the fireside at Mount Vernon.

I little thought, when the war was finished, that any circumstances could possibly have hap-

tance of two hundred and lifty yards."
"Say no more," answered Morton, in tones of deep determination; "the thing is settled. I have already agreed to meet him. There can be no disgrace in falling before such a shot; and if I succeed, my triumph will confer the greater horor.

honor.

Such was the general habit of thought and feeling prevalent throughout Texas, at that pe-

Towards evening, a vast crowd assembled at the place appointed, to witness the hostile meet-ing; and so great was the popular recklessness as to affairs of this description, that numerous as to affairs of this description, that numerous and heavy bets were wagered on the result.

At length the red orb of the Summer sun touched the larid rim of the western horizon, covering it all with crimson gold, and filling the air with a flood of burning glory; and then two mortal antagonists, armed with long, ponderous rides, took their station, back to back, and at a reconnected signal—the waving of a white preconcerted signal—the waving of a white handkerchief—waiked slowly and steadily off in handkerchief—waiked slowly and steadily off in the opposite directions, counting their steps, until they had measured fifty. They both had completed the given number about the same in-stant, and when they wheeled, each was to aim and fire when he chose.

As the distance was great, both paused for two seconds—long enough for the beholders to flash their eyes from one to the other, and mark the striking contrast between them. The face

the striking contrast between them. The face of Col. Morton was calm and smiling; but the the striking contrast between them. The face of Col. Morton was calm and smiling; but the smile it bore had a strong, murderous meaning. On the contrary, the countenance of Deaf Smith was stern and passionless as ever. A side view of his features might have been mistaken for a profile done in cast irou. The one, too, was dressed in the richest cloth, the other in smoketinted leather. But that made no difference in Texas then; the heirs of heroic courage were all considered peers—the class of inferiors embraced none but cowards.

Presently two rifles expluded with simultaneous roars. Col. Morton gave a prodigious bound npward, and fell to the earth a corpse! Deaf Smith stood erect, and immediately began to reload his rifle; and then, having completed his brief task, strole away to the adjacent forest. Three days afterwards, Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten other men, appeared in Austin, and without further opposition, removed the State papers.

the State papers.

the State papers.

The hero of the foregoing anecdote was one of the most extraordinary men that was ever known in the West. He made his advent in Texas at an early period, and continued to reside there until his death, which happened some years ago; but, although he had many warm personal friends, no one could ever ascertain the years ago; but, although he had many warm personal friends, no one could ever ascertain the land of his birth, or a single gleam of his previous biography. When he was questioned on the subject, he laid his flugers on his lips; and if pressed more urgently, his brow writhed, and his dark eye seemed to shoot sparks of livid fire. He could write with astonishing correctness and facility, considering his situation; and although denied the exquisite pleasure and priceless advantage of the sense of hearing, nature had done much in compensation, by eyes quick and farseeing as an eagle's; and a smell, keen and infallible as that of a raven. He could discover objects moving miles away in the far off prairie, when others could perceive nothing but earth and sky; and the rangers used to declare the could catch the scent of a Mexican or an Indian at as great a distance as a buzzard could distinguish the odor of a dead carcass.

It was these qualities which fitted him so well for a spy, in which capacity he rendered invaluable services to Houston's army during the war of Independence. He always went alone, and generally obtained the information desired. His habits in private life were equally singular. He could never be pursuaded to sleep under the roof of a house, or even to use a tent cloth. He was a genuine son of nature, a grown up child of the woods and prairies, which he worshipped with a sort of Pagan aboration.

Excluded by this infirmitues from cordial fel-

with a sort of Pagan adoration.

Excluded by his infirmities from cordial fellowship with his kind, he made the inanimate

things of the earth his friends, and entered, by things of the earth his friends, and entered, by his own heart's adoption, into brotherhood with the luminaries of heaven. Wherever there was land or water, barren rock or taugled brakes of wild, waving came, there was Deaf Smith's home, and he was happy; but in the streets of great cities, in all the great thoroughfares of men, wherever there was flattery or fawning, base cunning or craven fear, there was Deaf Smith an alien and an exile.

Strange son! he hath departed on the long

Strange soul! he hath departed on the long

journey away among those high, bright stars which were his night lamps; and he hath either solved or ceased to ponder the deep mysterios of the magic word, "life."

He is dead—therefore, let his errors rest in obilivion, and his virtues be remembered with hope.

# Miscellany.

THE NEW YEAR.

A gray old man toiled at the rope; Loud rang the bell and clear; The hour was midnight, and the tune, The passing of the Year.

And, as he toiled, the old man sang, And laughed beneath his breath; He laughed and sang with glee; and yet He toiled a knell for death.

"Old man," said I, "this shameless mirth Seems andly out of place; A selsmu chant, a dirge, or prayer, Would wear a better grace.

"The Old Year dies, weighed down with sin, Weighed down with lives misspent; Come, kneel you down with me, and mourn; Come, join in my lament."

"I mourn not for the past," and he;
"A new life I begin;
I do not ring the Old Yaar out—
I ring the New Year in.

"Why do you wish to mourn and grieve! This hour is not for tears; The star of Hope shines steadfast, pure, Above the coming years!

"I laugh and sing for very joy,
And not with shameless mirth;
Good sir, I toll not for the dead—
I celebrate a birth.

"Come, turn your back upon the past, And bid your grief bagone; The night is dark, but then good sir, Joy cometh with the dawn."

### ORIGINAL LETTER FROM MARTH.

The Baston Traveller prints the following copy of a letter written from New York, by Mrs. Martha Washington, the wife of General Washington, in 1769, when the latter left the shades of Mount Vernou and came to New York City for the purpose of being inaugurated as first President of the United States. It was addressed to Mrs. Mercy Warren, of Boston, the wife of Gen. James Warren. She was the sister of the patriot James Otis, and was known as a poetess and an authoress, and was a writer of a history of the War of the Revolution. She was born in Barastable. in 1728, and died in Plymouth in Barnstable, in 1728, and died in Plymouth in 1814. The original of Mrs. Washington's letter is in the possession of J. Wingate Thornton, Esq., of Boston. This is the letter:

NEW YORK, Dec. 26, 1789. My Dear Madam: - Your very friendly letter of the 27th of last month has afforded me much more satisfaction than all the formal complihalf as many bloody duels. Besides, he is the favorite emissary and friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think it will tempt the President to retract his vow against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know the man, then. Who is he! What is his name!" asked twenty voices together.

"Deaf Smith," answered Colonel Morton, coolly.

"Why, no, that cannot be. Deaf Smith was slain at the battle of San Jacinto," said Judge Webb.

"There again your honor is mistaken," said Morton. "The story of Smith's death was a mere fiction, got up by Houston, to save the life of his favorite from the sworn vengeance of cer-

I little thought, when the war was unished, that any circumstances could possibly have hap-pened which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that from this mo-ment, we should have been left to grow old in solitude and tranquility together; that was, my dear Madam, the first and dearest wish of my dear Madam, the first and dearest wish of my heart; but in that I have been disappointed; I will not, however, contemplate with too much regret, disappointments that were inevitable, though the General's feelings and my own were perfectly in unison with respect to our predilection for privet life, yet I caunot blame him for having acted according to his ideas of duty in obeying the voice of his country. The consciousness of having attempted to do all the good in his pewer, and the pleasure of finding his fellowcitizens so well satisfied with the disinterestedness of his conduct will, doubtless, be some compensation for the great sacrifices which I know he has made; indeed, in his journeys from Mount Vernon to this place in his late tour through the Eastern States, by every public and by every privet information which has come to through the Eastern States, by every public and by every privet information which has come to him, I am perswaded that he has experienced nothing to make him repent his having acted from what he conceived to be alone of indispen-sible duty; on the contrary, all his sensibility has been awakened in receiving such repeated and unaquivocal proofs of sincear regards from all his country men.

With respect to myself, I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it onebt to have

With respect to myself, I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been, that I, who had much rather be at home should occupy a place with which a great many younger and gayer women would be prodigiously pleased. As my grandchildren and domestic connections make up a great portion of the felicity which I looked for in this world, I shall hardly be able to find any substitute that would idemnify me for the Loss of a part of such endearing society. I do not say this because I feel disadisfied with my present station—no, God forbid!—for everybody and everything conspire to make me as contented as possible in it; yet I have [seen] too much of the vanity of human affairs to expect felicity from the splendid scenes of public life. I am still determined to be cheerful, and to be happy in whatever situation I may be, for I have also learnt from experience that the greater part of our happiness or misery may be, for I have also learnt from experience that the greater part of our happiness or misery depends upon our dispositious, and not upon our circumstances; we carry the seeds of the one or

re go.

I have two of my grandchildren with me who erjoy advantages in point of education, and who I trust by the goodness of Providence, will continue to be a blessing to me; my other two time to be a blessing to me; my other two
grandchildren are with their mother in Virginia.
The President's health is quite re-established
by this late journey. Mine is much better than
it used to be. I am sorry to hear that General
Warren has been ill; hope before this time that
he may be entirely recovered. We should rejoice to see you both; to both I wish the best of
heaven's blessings, and

caven's blessings, and
Am, my dear Madam, with esteem and regard, your friend and hble st., &.
M. WASHINGTON.

MRS. WARREN.

A CITIZEN of Hartford, Conn., tells the following story of Gen. Wade Hampron: Gen. Hampton's father, who was a millionaire, had three children—one son and two daughters. At his death he left to each daughter, by his will, \$100,000; the rest of his large property he left to the son Wade. After the funeral, the will was shown to the son. He read it through very carefully, and then threw it into the fire, saying, "I'll never consent to take a larger share of the estate than the others. Let the property be divided equally among the three."

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, author of the fa miliar song, "Sparkling and Bright is the Rosy Light," is in the State Lunatic Asylum, in Har-risburg, Pa. He is seventy years old. TON CORWING GRAVE.

Mr. I. S. Drake, of Riebmond, Indiana, has been visiting his former home at Lebanon, Ohio, and among other items of interest, he gives an account of his visit to the old burial places there, and the newer cemetery, from which we extract the following paragraphs: Passing a short distance to the east, I came to

Passing a short distance to the east, I came to a plain box monmont over the remains of Henry Clay's daughter. On it is inscribed: "Eliza H. Clay, daughter of Henry and Lucretia Clay, who died on the 11th day of Angust, 1825, aged 12 years, during a journey from their residence at Lexington, in Kentucky, to Washington City, cut off in the bloom of a promising life. Her parents, who have erected this monument, console themselves with the belief that she now abides in Heaven." This monument was constructed from a reddish grey, coarsegrit sandstone, and is very badly defaced by the xeather, the lettering being scarcely legible. Well do I remember the circumstances attending the death of this voung lady. Mr. Clay was on his way with his family and retinue of colored servants to Washington, Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams. They traveled in two four-horse private coaches. On arriving at this place, his daughter became two or three weeks, when she died. I often saw Mr. Clay, then in the prime of life, passing on the street; his stately form and marked features naturally attracted the attention of every one. I heard him deliver a short, but exceedingly graceful speech, while here, on the occasion of a public dinner given to DeWitt Clinton, when he came to lift the first shovel of earth in constructing the Miami Canal.

I also visited the new Cemetery, two or three

any superiors in the United States as a superiors speaker. Some of his speeches in Congress were of a high order of merit, and will be read for ages to come with deep interest. For trenchant wit and biting sarcasm, the reply to Gen. Crary, repelling attacks on the military career of Gen. Harrison, has scarcely an equal in any language.

Harrison, has scarcely an equal in any language. It had the effect to rain the political aspirations of the Michigan member forever after. So completely was he demolished, politically, that John Quincy Adams referred to him as the late Gen. Crary. His speech against the proscution of the Mexican war is one of the most eloquent and argumentative dennuciations of war in general, and this one in particular, ever attered in any deliberative assembly. Although it rendered him unpopular with the people at the time, and perhaps destroyed his proapects for the Presidency, its self-evident truths will be recognized by every caudid reader to the end of time. But his political career is too well known and too recently ended to need any further notice in this

his political career is too well known and too recently ended to need any further notice in this limited correspondence. I will only refer to his noble generosity and unselfishness of character. No wonder he died poor, when it is known how freely he gave away his income to relatives and friends, and aided so many in need. Indeed, he was seldom known to turn any away empty who claimed his beneficence, if in his power to aid them; and he was the soul of honor in business transactions. One or two incidents out of many

"Why, of course they do," says Dundreary.
Why shouldn't they? "How deuced stapid it
would be, you know, for one bird to go off and
flock all alone by himself!" But Cronin, of Or-

flock all alone by himself?" But Cronin, of Oregon, was equal to this emergency. He went off
and "flocked" by himself. He organized himself
into an Electoral College, and proceeded to fill
vacancies. He made his "college" reverse the
decision of the people, and give the vote to Tilden when it had declared for Hayes.—Chicago Is-

DETROIT Free Press: The architect who adopts one-half the newspaper advice in regard to plan-ning his next theatre will bring out a combina-tion of Chinese temple and fire-preof safe.

Commercial Bulletin: It is said one of the many colleges captured by Soldene has conferred upon her by the degree of A. M.—All Mouth.

Ambition points us to the toilsome way That leads to worldly honor and renown; Yet all life's fleeting phantons must decay, And all our fading funcies totter down— while coming bards may sing immortal songs Of our great failings and stopendous wrongs.

If heard him deliver a short, but exceedingly graceful speech, while here, on the occasion of a public dinuer given to DeVitt Citaton, when he came to lift the first shoved earth is constructing the Missui Canal.

It also visited the new Conetery, two or three districts of the control of th the count of the electoral votes,) is as follows:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Convention, that as seen as the Conventions of nice States shall have ratified this Constitution, the United States in Congress ascendibed should fit a day on which electors should be appointed by the States which shall have ratified the same, and a day on which electors should ascendibe to vote for the President, and the time and place for commencing proceeding under the Constitution. That after such publication the electors should be appointed, and the Senators and Representatives elected; that the electors should meet on the day fixed for the election of the President, and should transmit their votes—certified, signed, senied, and directed as the Constitution requires—to the Secretary of the United States in Congress assembled; that the Senators and Representatives should convene at the time and place assigned; that the Senators should appoint a President of the Senate for the society of the congress, together with the President, should without delay proceed to execute this Constitution.

This is declared over the signatures of Wash-

gress, together with the President, should without delay proceed to execute this Constitution."

This is declared over the signatures of Washington and the Secretary, to have been adopted "by the manimous order of the convention." The gravity of the subject required these resolutions to be framed with great care. In every sentence they attest the skill and precision of such men as Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, and Gouverneur Morris. The resolutions were exactly carried out. The Constitution was adopted, the members of the two Houses and the Presidential Electors were elected and appointed, the electoral votes were transmitted, duly certified, signed, and scaled up; the Senate assembled and appointed a President "for the sole purpose of receiving, opening, and counting the votes;" the two Houses convened, and the venerable President of the Senate, (John Langdon, one of the delegates who framed the Constitution,) received, opened, and counted the vote "in presence of the Senate and House of Representatives." This final act, the count, is thus recorded:

MONDAY, April 6, 1729.

The President of the Senate, elected for the purpose of claimed his beneficence, if in his power to aid them; and he was the soul of honor in business transactions. One or two incidents out of many that might be given, will illustrate these traits of character. A townsman of very doubtful financial standing, engaged in trading and speculating, who often had a surplus of money at his command, long before banks were common, was applied to by Corwin for a temporary loan of tour or five thousand dollars, and he extended the accommodation. Some mouths after it had been returned, without interest, that same individual asked Corwin to endorse his paper for a similar amount, and although it was an extremely risky case, the note was promptly signed, but not paid until the security made it good by sacrificing the old howestead farm to do it. When Tom was chided for his indiscretion, he retorted that he felt almost sure he would have the note to pay when he signed it, but he could not refuse to return the favor of a friend, no matter what it cost. On another occasion a poor young man, just admitted to the bar, desiring to purchase a small stock of books, asked Corwin's name on a note for seventy-five or a hundred dollars. It was signed without hesitation, while in the court-room, when a brother lawyer, observing the act, remarked that he would likely have that note to pay. "That is just what I expect to do," replied Corwin. The widow of Mr. Corwin, at an advanced age, still lives at the old residence with a married daughter. Although belonging to a family of high standing, she was ever a plain, domestic, religious woman, and ever figured much in society. None of his chil-

Thereupon, the following certificate, prepared by a committee, was adopted by the Senate and signed by their President:

by a committee, was adopted by the Schale and signed by their President:

Be it known that the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, being c avecaed in the City and State of New York, the 6th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, the underwrittee, appointed President of the Senate for the sole purpose of receiving, opening and counting the votes of the electors, did, in the presence of the said Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates and sount all the rotes of the electors for a President and for a Vice President, by which it appears that George Washington, Esq., was unanimously elected, agreeably to the Constitution, to the office of President of the United States of America.

In testimony whereof I have hereants set my hun1 and seal.

It must be borne in mind this was not an exceptional transaction not governed by the Constitution, and designed to be in exact conformity to it. Its only peculiarity was that the Vice-President (the ex-officio President of the Senate) not having yet entered upon the office, a President of the Senate had to be elected "for the sole purpose" of counting the Electoral vote. The necessity for this had been foreseen and provided for by the sagacious statesmen who laid the foundation of the Government in the grand instrument they had framed.

Here, then, is a historical and anthoritative exposition of the Constitution. The framera understand their own work. They understood the meaning of the words they had used. Simultaneously with their adoption and publication of meaning of the words they had used. Simulta-neously with their adoption and publication of the Constitution, they declared its meaning to be that the President of the Senate abould open and count the Electoral votes. The suposition that they did not understand what they meant is inadmissible. The supposition that, by their resolution, they intended that the Constitution abould be violated at the hour of its birth, is an

affront to their patriotism and honor. The sup-position that the two houses, largely composed of the framers of the Constitution, were parties of the framers of the Constitution, were parties to a conspiracy to subvert the form of Government they had just helped to frame, and just sworn to support, would be infamous. We are compelled to adopt these monstrons suppositions, or else conclude that the historic evidence is complete and demonstrative, that the Constitution requires the President of the Senate to count the Electoral votes.

It may be substituted.

lectoral votes.

It may be asked if the President of the Senate is to count the votes, why were they required to be opened and counted in the "presence of the Senate and House of Representatives!" In an-swer, because it is a solemn act, most fit to be done in the presence of witnesses, and then the most suitable witnesses of this great act of State are the representatives of the State and people. The words of the Constitution aptly describe an act to be done, not seemable, hat openly, "in presence of" witnesses. The words "in presence of are common in legal documents, and aptly and technically describe attesting witnesses. They may be found in all wills and deeds. Witnesses may be found in all wills and deeds. Witnesses of a transaction are not the actors—the parties to a transaction. They witness what is done "in their presence," and that is all. If the two houses had been intended as actors in the transaction, very different words would have been used by the skilled lawyers and accomplished scholars who framed our great charter. The words used are apt and exact to describe witnesses; they are inexact and inapt to describe the actors in the transaction.

And the practice has been in substantial harmony with this construction. The President may use any suitable assistance in performing his duty; but whatever assistance he uses, those who assist are merely his accessors, and the act

his dity; but whatever assistance he uses, those who assist are merely his accessors, and the act is his, and his is the sole constitutional responsibility in performing it. That each house sometimes appoints tellers is inconsequential. The two houses convoued in one make a large body; they cannot conveniently gather about the Vice-President's desk and witness the count with President's desk and witness the count with their own eyes. To witness the count at all they must necessarily delegate their duty to a small number of each body. Each House accordingly appoints tellers to witness the count, and the tellers of each House are the witnessing eyes of each House. That is all the practice of appoint-ing tellers amounts to. If any looseness of wraceach House. That is an the practice of appointing tellers amounts to. If any looseness of practice is permitted to creep in, by which the counting of the Electoral votes is made other than the act of the President of the Senate, the practice is to that extent a palpable violation of the Constitution. In these critical times our safety lies in holding on to the Constitution, and to the venture of the constitution of the constitution of the constitution of the constitution. erable usages of the fathers who framed and first administered it. Hamilton.

#### HOW TO SETTLE THE PRESIDEN-TIAL PROBLEM.

Everybody in Boston knows our much esseem Everybody in Boston knows our much esseemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Socrates Dabol. He has suggested more plans for overcoming difficulties, regardless of nature, than any man who pays taxes in Boston. He proposed at one time, to pay off the city debt, by converting all the State Prison birds into fishermen, and with the product of their labor, he proposed to wipe out our little indebtedness. The plan was rejected by the Aldermen. His scheme for making the Eastern Raiiroad a dividend-paying concern was also good, but he couldn't induce the lawyers to Eastern Railroad a dividend-paying concern was also good, but he couldn't induce the lawyers to accept it. If we remember correctly, he wanted the stockholders to pay in a hundred dollars on every share they owned, on condition that the bondholders would take 50 cents on a dollar for their indebtedness, payable at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum, without interest, for fifty

Mr. Dabol called in at our office on Saturday, and signified to a reporter that "he had got it."
"Got what?" queried the reporter, taking out
his note book, for he knew that Mr. Dabol never nis note-book, for he knew that Mr. Daoo hever intruded except to impart important information. "Well, you just write, and I will tell you what I have got. Are you ready f"

"Go on," said the reporter, eyeing Dabol suspiciously.

Dabol, "An Admirable Adjustment of the Presi

dential Imbroglio-A Peaceable Solution of the "I've got it all down, Mr. Dabol," said the re-

porter, "continue." Dabol wiped the perspira-tion from his massive brow, and looking toward the ceiling, said:
"A well-informed politician, who has read "A well-informer positions by which trouble arising from the counting of the Electoral vote may be avoided, has, after due consideration, concluded that he has eliminated a compromise from the difficulties of the situation which is sure to be indorsed by the American people. He proposes that the vote of Louisiana shall be given to Tilden and Hendricks, and that they shall be imangurated. That Thurman that they shall be inangurated. That Thurman of Ohio shall resign his place in the Senate, forthwith, and that R. B. Hayes shall be elected and chosen President of that body. Mr. Hendricks shall immediately be sent Minister to the Court of St. James, which pays better than being Vice-President. Mr. Hayes will thus become Vice-President, and at the expiration of two years, President Tilden shall resign, and Senator Hayes will succeed him as President for the balance of the term."

"So far so good," interrupted the reporter;
"but what is to become of Mr. Wheeler!"
"Oh, I've arranged for him," replied Dabol.
"You shouldn't have interrupted."

"You shouldn't have interrupted."
"You shouldn't have interrupted."
"Beg pardon, sir; go on."
"The plan," continued Dabol, "would be incomplete unless Mr. Wheeler was assigned an henorable position. It is therefore suggested that Senator Conkling be requested to resign and accept the French mission, and that Mr. Wheeler be elected to fill the vacancy, and then elected President of the Senate, after Mr. Hayes becomes President. Mr. Thurman shall be Secretary of State under Tilden, and Mr. Hendricks, on his return from the English mission, shall be elected to the Senate, to fill the next vacancy in Indiana. What do you think of the plan?"
"Well," said the reporter, "I think I will write it out and telegraph it to the New York Sun, for it is too brilliant for the columns of a provincial paper."

"Please do so," said Dabol, as he rushed from the office, and jumped into a south Boston horse-car.—Boston Journal.

When Christmas Comes on Monday. Christmas day falls on a Monday this year. It fell on a Monday also in 1885, and on that occa-sion the following was uncarthed from, it was stated, the Harleian MSS., No. 2,252, folio 153-4:

i, the Harletan MSS., No. 2, 202, 1010; If Christmas day on Monday be. A great winter that year you'll see, And full of winds both load and shrill; But in Summer, truth to tell, High winds shall there be, and stroat, Full of tempests lasting long; While battles they shall multiply, And great plenty of beasts shall die. They that he born that day, I ween, They shall be strong each one and keen; He shall be found that stealeth aught; Though thou be sick, thou diest not. year, 1856 was the year of the Austi-

Though thou be sick, thou diest not.

The year 1866 was the year of the Austro-Prussian war, a year of disastrous gales, and a year of cattle plague. Again in 1871 Christmas day fell on a Monday. The twelvementh following that day saw us with cattle plague in the north, and some great storms; but as to "battles," we must go back a few months in 1871 for the capitulation of Paris and the conflict with the Commune. We have now a Monday Christmas for the third time within a dozen years.—London Times.

BURLINGTON Hawkege: "Gov. Fairbanks, of Vermont, has been ordered by his physician to go South for his health. They will be glad to see the Governor down South. He is a great fa-vorite with the people of that section, although they always part his name in the middle with an O."

THE Chicago Post and Mail thinks that the only precedent for Crouin, so far, is Melchizedek, King of Salem. "He was without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor ending of years." He must have "organized himself."

THE father of Abraham Lincoln is buried in a rural cemetery ten miles sombeast of Mattoon, Ill. The father's name was Thomas Lincoln, and it is proposed by benevolent parties to place a monument over his grave.

BY THE SEA. Last night I watched the old year die-A wind swept once across the sky. That seemed to me his parting sigh—

The telling ceased. Then weirtly gay, The bells rang forth across the bay-

WHOLE NUMBER, 1.017.

An echo from the hollow caves— A thrill of music from the waves, Where some that hear shall find their graves These changeful bells, I whispered, sure, Most like some causing overture. Give foretaste what we must endure!

O, young bale year, that yet shall grow, To work us either weal or wee.— Tie strange that men should hall thee so! O, dread, mysterious volume, scale!— What fateful words lie there concealed— Not till the end to be reveale!—

O. ship that sails the unknown saa!— We guess not what thy freight may be— What storms—what shipwrecks—none foresec

| From the Toledo Blade | THE NASBY LETTERS. The Corners Decide for War, but Joe Rigler Unsettles Their Minds—The Sudden Ending of a Meeting.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKT,
December 16, 1878.
The infamus countin out uv Tilden, the Reform

candidate, in spite uv the nigger-killin, bulldoz-in, and intimidashen we did to kerry Floridy, Lozeaner, and South Kerliny, will go down into histry ez the final stab at the liberties uv a brave histry ex the final stab at the liberties uv a brave and opprest people. I hev no words to express my indignashen at the deed, or my loathin uver the deeders. When I think that over a thousand niggers wuz killed in them States, and that the killin my that thousand skeerd orf at least a thousand more; when I think uv the pains we took to keep ablishnists from votin, and when I think my the masterly way we countid in the Parishes our rifle clubs took controle uv, and that after all this, we wuz countid out by Returnin Boards, and sich, upheld by the minyuns uv Fedrel power, I hev no hesitashen in assertin that our pretense uv liberty is a holler mockery, and that the ijee uv a guverment by the peeple mitte ez well be abandoned to wunst.

The Corners resolved never to submit to the outrage, and the minit the Younitid State Marshel got away, the war feelin got so intense that it

outrage, and the minit the Younitid State Marshel got away, the war feelin got so intense that it hed to hev vent. Ther aint only one way for the Corners to work off its eggsitement, and that is by a meetin. I called one immejitly, and so intense wuz the feelin, that every citizen uv the Corners wuz present.

I never seed sich a feelin sence I wuz a child, Ther wuzn't any loud, blusterin, onnessary talk—men felt it wuz no time for talk, but ruther for ackshen. Ther wuz that compreshen uv lip, that stern look, that thotful expreshen that one sees here only in times uv grate public danger,

sees here only in times my grate public danger, or when Bascom presents his bill to the citizens, with the hartless remark that yoo don't git another drop till that is paid.

Deekin Pogram remark that the countin out my Tilden wuz a outrage to wich the Corners wood never submit. The Corners had made saching after for countershap liberty and wood. wood never submit. The Corners not made sac-rifices afore for constooshirel liberty, and wood agin. Ez old ez he wuz, he hed shot Fedrel pik-kets, and the age hed dimmed his eyes, and the newnis uv Bascom's likker hed affected his nerves, he believed he cood do suthin in that way yit. He desired nothin so much ez to git a crack at a ablishuist. He preferred killin ablish-nists to nigores, any day.

Issaker Gavitt wuz more in cruest. He want-id war, anyhow. He wuz tired uv all this beetin about the bush He hed killed niggers to keep om from votin, wich he folk waz a base compro-mise. It wuz a admishun that the nigger hed a rite to vote, ef he wuzu't killed, wich he wood never consent to. He wantid a appeel to arms, that the rite uv the prond Caucashu to rool mite be established forever. His voice wuz for war. He wuz thirsty for gore. No compromise for him-way to the nife.

him-war to the nife.

Captain M'Pelter waz for war. He hed suffered wonst, and waz willin to agin. He waz glad that Tilden waz countid out, for it showed the South that they hed nothin to expect from the ablisha North. War waz the only resorce left a free peeple.

The resolooshens presented breethed a war like.

They was est

sperit wich almost alarmed me. They wuz ex-follers: Wareas, The Dimocrisy uv the Suthern States, by virtue uv that eternal vigilence wich is the nrice av liberty and shot-guns, triamfed over ablishnism in Floridy, South Kerliny, and Loozi-

WAREAS, To do this required constant ridin, and a expenditoor uv buckshot onparalleled in the histry uv eleckshuns: and Wareas, When yoo hev killed a nigger or bung

white ablishment, you are entitled to the benefits resultin from it; and Warras, Ablishn offishls and Returnin Boards

resultin from it; and
WAREAS, Ablishn offishls and Returnin Boards
hev coolly throwd out all Parishes wher a decent
regard for a Democratic triumf compelled us to
prevent nigger votin, and thus give the States to
the Radikel Hayes; therfore, be it.

Resolved, That the Corners, realizin the gravity
uv the sitousaben, and feelin the importance uv
its ackshen, declares that it never will stand it,
that it never will submit to this outrageous interference with its rites; that it will never consent to the inoggerashen uv a abolishnist, but
will take up arms, and never lay em down till
the last vestige uv Radikelism is wiped out.

Resolved, That the Corners is for war, and that
wether the Dimocrisy uv the North submits or
not, it never will.

Resolved, That we accept no compromise, but
will hev all we clame or fite.

Resolved, That wat we want is a Suthern Republic, and a divorce forever from the North, sich
ez wuz contemplatid in 1861, and for wich we
struggled till we wuz overcome by the power uv
the hordes wich Linkin hurled upon us.

These resolooshens wuz passed yoonanimusly,
and three cheers and a tiger wuz given with a
ferver that showed that the old war sperit hed
survived, and that all that wuz nessary wuz a op-

survived, and that all that wuz nessary wuz a op-

ertoonity.

Jist at this minit Joe Bigler rose, and desired Jist at this minit Joe Bigter rose, and desired to make a few remarks. A native uv Kentucky, he shood go with his State, but he questioned the wisdom uv goin. Ef we we asseed agin, who is to pay the Suthern war clames? He understood ther wuz suthin over \$200,000 nv am in the Corners alone, and ef yoo cut off the North, who is to pay for em?

Bascom growd pale, and hitched oneasily in his seat.

Bascom growd pale, and hitched oneasity in his seat.

And then, agin, he sposed the brethren wich wuz a thirstin for goar foodly imagined that ef we hed a republik nv our own, that every one nv em wood hev a postoffis and a collectership. Fatal delooshen! The moment seceshin wuz a established fact and the noo guverment formed, ther wood be a influx nv Northern Dimocrata down here, who would take every place in the gift nv the guverment. Fernandy Wood will come.

The meatin howled. Dirty-shirt Dean wood come-

Dirty-shirt Dean wood come—
More howls.

—Little Sammy Cox wood come—
Increased howlin.

The hundreds ny thousands wich expects offis under Tilden wood come, the literary burrow wood move down here, and wat chance wood we hev with sich strangers in our gates? And then, think ny Trumbull, ny Parmer; think ny that yast army wich hav bin in a minority in the North so long, a rushin down here, like grasshoppers in Nebrasky? The ablishnist you kin shoot, but you can't shoot yer frends. My frend Bascom, think ny hevra a hundred Nasbys all a goin on tick, in place ny wnn, and then think ny the poor South bein taxed to support em all.

Bascom harriedly left the house.

Ther waz a deep silence fell outo the house, and for a minit every man uy us wuz rapped in thot. Biglet resourced:

and for a minit every man uv us wuz rapped in thot. Bigler resonned:

"Think uv bein taxed for yoor own clames, and colleckshun bein enforced by bayonits! A Suthern bayonit hez jest ez peakid a end ez a Northern wun, and—"

This prospect finished em. With one prolonged howl, they rose ez one man, and glidid out uv the house, and afterwards in Bascom's, they wuz a thinkin uv the advantages uv yoonyun, and swarin that nacher intendial the two seekshuns to live in harmony, and that ef the Northellon, and place a people into a meetin agin.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, Ex-Reformet.